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KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN THEIR ROYAL ROBES.

Our King and Queen.

The popularity of King Edward began at his birth; and his baptism, performed with water brought from the River Jordan, was an occasion of public enthusiasm. Years afterwards a piece of the christening cake was sold by auction at twenty times its weight in gold.

Simplicity has been the keynote of the monarch's character, and he began life with a simple English name, which reflected the lights and shadows of our island history, added to that of his illustrious father, Albert the Good.

No such mourning had been known in England as that of 1861-2, when Albert the Good passed away; no such delight, since the Prince of Wales was born, as when the heir to the throne was married to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark. The young people met on the Continent, in 1861, when the Prince was nineteen and the Princess sixteen; the meeting resulted in a warm attachment for each other, which, in the spring of 1863, ripened into a wedding.

The nation spontaneously welcomed the union of its Prince with the Sea-Kings' daughter, who became 'Bride of the heir of the Kings of the Sea,' and of whom Dean Stanley enthusiastically declared, 'She is as charming and beautiful a creature as ever passed through a fairy tale.'

Queen Alexandra has from that time enjoyed such a record, as the best-beloved and most popular Princess of Wales in British history, that the loftier position of Queen-Consort can add nothing to her fame. For forty years she has occupied a high position, arising from our late revered Queen's retirement from society, which caused many duties pertaining to the Crown to devolve upon the Prince and Princess of Wales.

No Queen-Consort has ever entered upon the responsibilities of high office with such a complete acquaintance with the habits and life of her people. She is as much a daughter of Great Britain as of Denmark; and her loving devotion, through so many long years, to her august and beloved mother-in-law commends Queen Alexandra to the loving hearts of the subjects of His Majesty King Edward the Seventh.

The 22nd of January in the past year, the day upon which the ever-to-be-lamented Queen Victoria died, was the date of His Majesty's accession to the throne; for the throne is never vacant. No man has ever ruled over an empire so vast as King Edward's, of whose subjects only an eighth part are British. Queen Victoria ascended the throne of an empire which embraced eight million three hundred and twenty-nine thousand square miles; the King succeeds with three millions of square miles added thereto.

Reluctantly Queen Alexandra assumed the title of the beloved dead when Victoria passed away, and, so long as the late Queen remained unburied, her Majesty would not take the title.

The reign of the new King and Queen has begun with a new century. May all the blessings of past ages rest upon it!—'The Child's Companion.'

The Coronation and Some of its Lessons.

(By the Bishop of Ripon, in 'The Leisure Hour.')

The coronation of the sovereign will be an event unique in the experience of the vast majority of the English-speaking people. By far the greater number of us have known but one sovereign. We were born, we grew up, we began our career under the rule of Queen Victoria. Her name was a household word, a word moreover to conjure with, standing as it did for fidelity to duty, unsparing devotion to her people's good, unsullied purity and honor, a guileless character and a simple life. For sixty-three years the English people lived under her rule, and grew so accustomed to it that the thought of any change almost dropped out of mind. This need not cause wonder when we remember that Queen Victoria's reign exceeded the average length of the reigns of English monarchs by almost forty years. People who died in the early half of the nineteenth century might have seen three coronation pageants without being very old. The child born in the same year as Tennyson was eleven years old when George IV was crowned, was of age when William IV. ascended the throne, and was only twenty-eight at the time of the coronation of Queen Victoria. Taking the same age, ten or eleven years, as an age when a child could intelligently appreciate and readily remember the event, the child who was eleven when the queen was crowned, must have lived to be seventy-five in order to see King Edward VII. crowned; and to be eighty-four, if he had been eleven when William IV. was crowned. There is an old clergyman in the north of England who reached the ninety-seventh anniversary of his birth in March last, and who therefore was fourteen or fifteen when George III. died, and who lived under five sovereigns, and might have seen four coronations. But these figures and calculations only serve to show how unique the event of a coronation is in the experience of the bulk of our people. This is perhaps the reason why the significance of the ceremony is not very widely or clearly understood.

The people of these realms have often been twitted by their Continental neighbors as being a nation of shopkeepers, and as being illogical, because they are content to put up with certain political inconsistencies in the constitution of their country. The criticism of our neighbors has a measure of truth in it. We are a commercial people; and we therefore estimate things from a practical standpoint. We are not, therefore, greatly troubled by theoretical inconsistencies in the constitution, so long as no great principle is put in jeopardy, and the common weal is sufficiently safeguarded.

The sovereign of these realms is a constitutional monarch. He has rights, privileges and honors, but he has also sacred duties and high responsibilities. He is entrusted with power, and he is expected to protect the interests of the nation, and, as the most important of those interests, to maintain the great and salient principles of the constitution. This high duty of the throne is expressed in the 'National Anthem.'

'May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.'

The realization of the true and rightful position which the monarch holds in these realms is needful, if we are not to be perplexed by some of the apparent inconsistencies to which I have alluded, and if we are adequately to appreciate the religious character of the Coronation ceremony.

For it must be remembered that the Coronation is not a mere splendid pageant, but a religious service; and it is to be hoped that the people of this country will treat the solemn function of June 26, as indeed a great religious gathering.

In Westminster Abbey the representatives of the Empire will be assembled. In their midst prayers will be offered up, when the crown is set upon the sovereign's brow. The nation will then, in acclaiming their sovereign, recognize the greater sovereignty of God, and they will acknowledge that without God nothing is strong, nothing is holy. 'God alone is great!' cried the great French preacher in the presence of the coffin where many hopes and affections were buried. 'God alone is great!' is the thought which underlies the solemn service in which the monarch is set apart for his high office.

This thought is capable of extension. The moment we realize the governing power and the governing wisdom of God, we recognize the sanctity of every office. It is with no superstitious meaning that we acknowledge that God's Divine Providence has appointed divers orders in his Church. It is an elementary religious truth that 'promotion comes neither from the east nor from the west; that God is Judge; he putteth down one and setteth up another.' This simple truth has indeed often been exaggerated or misunderstood. Men have thought of the rights, the dignity and splendor of high place; they have thought little of the high responsibilities, and noble opportunities for good, which are the accompanying duties of power.

'Duties, not rights,' was the motto of a great Italian patriot, and the lofty duties which devolve upon the sovereign are emphasized in the Coronation Service. The service is marked by certain significant ceremonies; but the prevailing thought in all of them is the one of which we have spoken, viz., that all power and authority are from God.

Let us briefly note some of these ceremonies.

THERE IS THE ANOINTING.

The sovereign has taken the oath to govern according to law, to show justice and mercy in all his judgments, and to maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed religion, as well as the existing religious settlement, and the rights and privileges of the Church of England; the great hymn, 'Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,' has been sung, and the sovereign has been placed in the ancient and venerable chair which has been used since the days of Edward II. The ceremony of anointing then takes place. Usually the sovereign is anointed on the head, the hands and the breast, to signify that heart and hands and mind are to be used as in consecrated service. Thus the presence of the Spirit of God is invoked, and the significance of the oil used becomes clear. For rule and government men need the fitting spirit as well as the fitting gifts. All gifts are from God, and the highest and best gift of the Spirit, to use gifts rightly, is from God. The oil thus signifies man's need and man's faith, and our desire for the presence and help of the Spirit, or, as it is expressed in the prayer that follows the anointing, the blessing of the Holy Ghost.

THE SWORD.

The sword is handed to the sovereign; the sovereign gives it to the archbishop, who lays it on the altar, from which it is again brought to the sovereign. Here the thought that all power is from God, and that whatever authority or gift a man possesses by nature and right, he must

take and use only as from God, is clearly brought out by the ceremonial. The sword of power belongs to the sovereign, but he will only take it into his possession as coming to him from God.

THE ROBE AND ORB.

The Imperial robe, and the golden orb, set about with pearls, are then given to the sovereign. These carry with them their lesson and meaning. The prayer which accompanies their bestowal explains these: 'The Lord your God endue you with knowledge and wisdom: the Lord clothe you with the robe of righteousness and with the garments of salvation.' And the prayer continues. 'When you see this orb set under the cross, remember that the whole world is subject to the power and empire of Christ our Redeemer. For he is the Prince of the Kings of the earth, King of Kings and Lord of Lords, so that no man can reign happily who derives not his authority from him, and directs not all his actions according to his laws.'

THE RING AND THE SCEPTRE.

The ring is put on the fourth finger of the sovereign's right hand. The words used by the archbishop are; 'Receive this ring, the ensign of kingly dignity and of defence of the Catholic Faith.'

The sceptre is given into the monarch's hands with these words: 'Receive the royal sceptre, the ensign of kingly power and justice.'

Immediately after, a rod, adorned with the dove, the rod of equity and mercy, is given to the sovereign, who is reminded of the need of impartiality and mercy. 'Be so merciful that you be not too remiss; so execute justice that you forget not mercy. Judge with righteousness, and reprove with equity, and accept no man's person.'

These preliminary ceremonies over, the supreme moment of the coronation is reached.

The sovereign is seated in the same historic chair of which we have spoken. A prayer that the royal heart may be enriched with heavenly grace, and that the sovereign may be crowned with all princely virtues, is said. Then the crown is brought forth; the archbishop places it upon the monarch's head, and the acclamations of the great assemblage are heard. 'God save the King!' bursts from all lips, the trumpets are sounded, while without the great guns roar forth a royal salute. When the sounds have ceased, the archbishop addresses the newly-crowned sovereign: 'Be strong and of a good courage: observe the commandments of God, and walk in his holy ways: fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, that in this life you may be crowned with success and honor, and when you have finished your course, receive a crown of righteousness, which God, the righteous Judge, shall give you in that day.'

THE GIVING OF THE BIBLE.

It is characteristic that the first ceremony after the coronation should be the presentation of the Bible to the sovereign. The presentation was at the Queen's coronation made by the archibshop, the dean of Westminster going along with him. The words of presentation declared the Bible to be the most valuable thing that the world affords. 'Here is wisdom: this is the royal law: these are the living oracles of God. Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this book, that keep and do the things mentioned in it. For these are the words of eternal life, able to make you wise and happy in this world, nay, wise unto salvation, and so happy for evermore, through faith which is in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.'

The enthroning then follows. The homage of the peers is made, and the service concludes with the receiving of the Holy Communion.

Throughout the whole ceremonial there is the continued expression of one great spiritual principle. The nation is engaged in a great religious act. It is the setting apart of the monarch for his high office with words of prayer and praise; but it is more than this: it is the public acknowledgment that people and nations cannot enjoy peace or security without God. For the measure of blessing which has been theirs, for the strength and stability of the Empire, they are indebted to the never-failing providence of God. For the due administration of all public affairs, they need the inspiring wisdom and help of God; and all rule, sovereignty, power and influence are thus only truly noble and royal when they are exercised in a righteous, holy, noble and self-sacrificing spirit. The service is a splendid expansion of the old Hebrew prayer, which all English-speaking people will loyally echo: 'Give the King thy judgments, O God, and thy righteoesness unto the King's son' (Ps. lxxii. 1).

God's Presence.

'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.' Ex. xxxiii. 14.—A great promise, spoken by the Living Lord to his servant Moses, at a great crisis. We well remember the occasion and conditions. Moses was on the eve of a great and serious 'new departure.' The sin of the golden calf had darkened the whole scene, and he was looking forward to the future of his leadership of the unfaithful and restive people with a sinking heart. As a fact, though he did not know it yet, he had before him not merely a few difficult weeks or months, but years upon years of toil and care. The great 'wandering' would soon begin, of whose sorrowful annals we hear so little, but which must have put immense demands upon the prophet's patience and strength.

Just now it is that he cries to his heavenly Master in the sore need. He thinks of the future, and he cannot face it except on one condition: the Lord must send with him his own supernatural aid. He must be admitted to 'know the Lord,' in the intercourse of access and friendship. He must be sure of his mighty favor; 'Show me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight.' Then came the answer, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'

How pregnant, how profound are the terms of that assurance! The anxious man, encountering the difficult and the unknown, is to have with him in it the Eternal Presence, and is to enjoy not only support and assistance, but a wonderful Rest.

'My presence;' literally 'My face.' He was to have always with him a personal companionship. He was to hold converse face to face, eye to eye, with one who was strong enough to meet all his demands for guidance, succor and strength. What he should enjoy should be no mere superintendence, as from a distant heaven. An Everlasting Friend should travel with him along the desert, and sit with him in his tent, and accompany him to the council, and to the seat of justice, and amidst the rebellious concourse, and to the field of battle with heathen foes, giants and others, when the time should come. He should experience the infinite difference of being never alone, never without a personal Presence perfectly sympathetic and at the same time almighty.

'I will give thee rest.' There are two possible sorts of rest. One is rest after toil, the lying down of the weary, at the end of the march, on the morrow of the battle, on the summit of the hill. The other is rest in toil, the internal and deep repose and liberty of a spirit, which has found a hidden refuge and retreat, where feeling is calm and disengaged, while the march, the battle, the climb, are still in full course. This last was the promise to Moses.

Another day, a distant day, was to come when he should taste the endless rest after toil, when he should sink down on Pisgah in the arms of the Lord, and (to quote the beautiful legendary phrase) die—if death it could be called—by his kiss. But now he was to taste the wonderful rest in toil. He was to traverse that last long third of his memorable life, thinking, ruling, guiding, bearing, under the divine enabling condition of the inward rest of God, the peace of God, passing understanding.

To-day let us humbly claim the promise of Moses for ourselves. We may do so. For 'He that is least in the kingdom of heaven' has in the Lord Jesus a guaranteed assurance of nothing less. 'Lo, I am with you all the days,' 'The peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.' 'E'en let the unknown to-morrow bring with it what it may, while that promise is in our grasp. It may bring with it surprises of earthly joy, personal or domestic. It may bring unlooked for clearings away of dark public prospects in state or in church. Or it may bring clouds and storm, conflict and what looks like confusion. But if the Presence goes with us, we shall, in either event, have the Rest. Our life's week will have at its heart a perpetual Sabbath on the way to the great and perfect 'Sabbath keeping which remaineth for the people of God.'—H. C. G. Moule (now Bishop of Durham).

'World Wide' in India.

Miss Fannie S. McLeod, missionary at Marsapatnam, Vizagapatam District, India, writing to Mrs. Cole, of Westmount, Que., says: 'I wonder if you had my letter of some months ago, asking for one or two copies of 'World Wide' regularly. I wish you could manage to send them; they would be just the thing for some of the more thoughtful men.'

May 24, 1902.

The Editor, 'World Wide,'

Sir,—I have taken 'World Wide' from the first number, and am so greatly pleased with it that now I find it indispensable—it is a regular part of my weekly reading. I suppose that to other readers it has peculiar charms; to me it is a delight for its articles on scientific matters, and for those that inculcate a love for nature.

A. MACSWEEN.

23 Mitcheson Street, Montreal.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, 1902, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Bible Butter.

(By Mrs. Ghosn-el-Howie, in 'Onward.')

We know little about dairying here (in Syria), consequently I was trying one morning to improve my knowledge of 'butter' by the help of the Concordance and Bible, and the information in Gen. xviii., 8, that Abraham took 'butter' and milk and a calf which he had dressed, and set them before the three angels, caused a little discussion between my husband and myself, as to what kind of butter Abraham set before his guests.

An American or an Englishman would naturally think that by 'butter' the delightful product of churned cream was meant; he knows no other kind of butter, but we know that in this country, where buy butter in the market. There is daily communication between our mountain village and Beyrout (twenty miles to the southwest of us), therefore we are able to obtain butter whenever we choose to send for it, but there is only a limited demand for it, The natives, as a rule, do not use it; in fact, only the better class of natives, who assume Frangi (French) modes of living, patronize it.

Therefore, the question was still unanswered. What kind of butter did Abraham make? While we were discussing the subject, a maid appeared at the study door with a letter in her hand, saying that a beggar at the door had presented it, and was asking alms. It must be a kind of respectable beggar that travelled about with testimonials, we thought, and we read the doc-

AN ARAB WOMAN CHURNING.

ument with interest. It was in Arabic, and stated that Ameer Khaleel Sachre (a prince of a Bedawy tribe) was a shepherd on a large scale, or rather a sheep importer, that he had travelled from Meaffany, a town near Bagdad, through northern Syria to Erzeroom, where he had purchased four thousand sheep, and on his way back (with his seven brothers and thirty-two hirelings) to dispose of them in Damascus, was attacked by Ebn al Rashed, a powerful Bedawy chief, known as Sultan el Barr (Desert Monarch), with one hundred and ninety-eight horsemen.

The hirelings fled, one of the brothers, who attempted resistance to the royal robber, was instantly speared through, and the sheep driven off. The document was signed and sealed by three men of position in Jaffa, Haifa, and Acca, and the unfortunate subject of it cordially recommended to the sympathies and charity of the public.

'The arrival of this man is very opportune,' said my husband; 'he will be able to answer any question you like on the subject of "butter." Suppose you go down and interview him.'

The suggestion was adopted with alacrity, and in a few minutes our interesting visitor, a genuine Bedowy type, with his head almost entirely enveloped in the folds of his kafeyeh (large handkerchief kept in position with two thick coils of camel's hair), initiated us into all the mysteries of desert dairying, and we understood for the first time what is meant by the 'butter of the Bible.'

The butter that Abraham made and that the Bedawy of to-day uses, is made of churned lebben. When travellers speak of lebben, they call it 'curdled' milk, 'clotted' milk, or some such epithet, for this is the nearest description they can give of it, because the thing is not known in America or England, unless it has been introduced lately by the Syrians, who have emigrated in considerable numbers to the United States. I do not think I am wrong in supposing that my readers would like to know how lebben is made, and although I am not given to writing cook-book recipes I will venture this one, for it cannot be imitated, and therefore I am safe.

'You take, say, six pounds of milk and heat it to a little below the boiling point; take it off the fire, put it in a crock, and stir into it a dessertspoonful of old lebben (that is, lebben of a previous make; you may have a little left over from breakfast, or your neighbor will give you a little). Then you set it aside for eight or ten hours (say overnight), and it is ready for use. The old lebben has acted as leaven, and has permeated the whole, and caused the milk to become thick, 'clotted,' if you like.

Now, in order to make butter, the lebben is put into a skin bottle or earthenware crock, and rolled backwards and forwards until the butter 'comes.'

Our princely visitor told us many more things of interest, but one must not tell all one knows at once.

Dr. Howie asked him why he had not complained to the Wali in Aleppo about the raid?. He said he had done so, but the Wali had given him no redress. He merely said, 'Bring the robber to me, and I will see what can be done,' and this is a fair specimen of how justice is done, or rather is not done, in this country.

The Photograph Button.

(Hope Daring, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

The Murphys were at supper. It was not a daintily spread table such as you sit at three times each day. There was no cloth, the heavy earthenware was cracked, and the steel knives and forks were rusty.

Nor was the food tempting. There was a baker's loaf, a tumbler of black molasses, and a pound of bologna sausage. This last was served upon the coarse brown paper in which it had been wrapped at the market.

The Murphys found no fault. Indeed, John looked across at his father and wondered how it came about that they had both molasses and sausage at once.

There were only those two. Mr. Murphy was unshaven and ragged. He earned good wages, but alas! the corner saloon took the

greater part of them. John was twelve. He was tall, thin, and his eyes had a timid lonely look.

The meal was soon over. As John rose from the table his father asked:

'What's that on your coat?'

The boy glanced down, pride and fear struggling together on his face. Perhaps there was nothing to be afraid of, but in the four years since his mother's death he had come to fear his father much of the time.

'That's a photograph button of the president. I traded—'

'President! You don't mean to say you're wearing McKinley's picture, do you?'

'Yes, and—'

'You little fool! Take that,' and a cruel blow sent the boy staggering backward. 'And me a Bryan man! What'd you do it for?'

'All the boys wear 'em, only they are pictures of their folks. There isn't anyone whose picture I could wear, and this looks nice.'

'Well, I'll thrash you if I see it again.'

John had unfastened the button, too hurt and sore-hearted to be angry.

'I won't wear it, but I wish I had some one I could be proud of, like other folks.'

Mr. Murphy started. Instead of advancing, he stepped back and looked at his son. 'Some one I could be proud of.' And John had only his father.

A moment the man stood irresolute, Then he caught up his hat and hurried out of the house, leaving John alone.

'It's no use even making believe that I am like other folks,' John said to himself as he put the button away. 'I tried to think how it would be to have a father like him. There's no one cares for me.'

Just then the postman's step sounded on the rickety stairs, and a letter was pushed under the door.

A letter! When had a letter come to the Murphys before. John picked it up. The square white envelope bore his own name.

Carrying it over to the one window of the room, John read:

Dear John,—I send you the memory verses of to-morrow's lesson. I hope you will be able to repeat them to me.
Ever your friend,
MADELINE LAMONT.

'Miss Madeline is the best woman in the world. I'll go to Sunday-school, and I'll have the verses, every word of them. I most believe she cares, but she don't belong to me. I do want some one of my own to love.'

Madeline Lamont saw a shadow on John's face the next morning. It did not lift all through the beautiful lesson. When the school was dismissed, the teacher said:

'Do you mind going my way, John? I have all these books to carry.'

'Mind! I'd like to,' and John hastily took the books.

For a few moments they walked along in the April sunlight without speaking. Then Miss Lamont said:

'Something is troubling you, John.'

'Yes, but it's such a little thing.'

'Let us stop in the park a few minutes,' the girl said. Her home was only a room in a boarding home, and the parlor would be full. She led John to a seat near the fountain.

'How like velvet the turf looks! See, John, there are purple and golden crocuses peeping up out of the grass. Now while we watch the play of the sunlight on the water, you tell me all about it.'

John told the story. In conclusion he said: 'I don't care about the blow; I'm used to them. And I don't mind, not much, 'bout the button. But, Miss Madeline, you don't know how it feels to have no one belonging to you who cares.'

'Some one cares, John; some one to whom you belong. It is Christ. Will you not take him for your own, John, now? He will help you; there is no one like him.'

'Will he be my friend, my very own?'

'Yes, dear. Shall I tell him how you want him that way?'

Teacher and pupil bowed their heads. In reverent, low-spoken words Madeline told the ever-listening Saviour of the needs of his lonely child. As she ceased speaking John's hand stole in hers.

'I think he heard, Miss Madeline. I will go home now. It will be easier to get along with father. There is some one who cares, some one who belongs to me.'

A surprise waited John at home. Dinner was ready, and such a dinner! There was beefsteak and onions, potatoes, doughnuts and bananas.

'It's all right, lad,' Mr. Murphy said, a little shamefacedly. 'I've been thinking, that's all.'

He heaped John's plate, then went on:

'If we could have things like this every day.'

'It would be jolly,' John assented.

'And if you could have new clothes, and these rooms could be cleaned up and new things could be got.'

John's face was answer enough. His father continued:

'If I didn't go to the saloon any more and never got ugly. Do you s'pose, John,—after a long time—you could be proud of me?'

'I could be proud of you now, father,' John's voice faltered. 'You know there's just you and I—here.'

The reverent pause before the last word made his son's meaning plain to Mr. Murphy. The man swallowed once or twice, and there was silence in the room.

'It will be hard work, John, but I'll try.'

'You won't need to do it alone, father. Miss Madeline told me to-day that the Lord Jesus cares for us, that we are his own. You let him, and he will help you.'

There was another silence. At last Mr. Murphy said:

'After dinner we'll get your mother's Bible, John, and you shall read to me. If I can get so he will be to me what he was to her, we will be both glad and proud, my boy.'

The father, too, accepted Christ. In that humble home all is well. In both lives the words of Christ are daily verified: 'Lo, I am with you alway.'

Seedtime.

(By Arthur L. Salmon.)

Sow thou thy seed;
Glad is the light of spring, the sun is glowing.
Do thou thy deed:
Who knows when flower or deed shall cease its growing?
Thy seed may be
Bearer of thousands scattered far and near;
Eternity
May feel the impress of the deed done here.
—Selected.

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscription extended one year, free of charge, by remitting sixty cents for two new subscriptions.

His Friend's Plan

(By Hilda Richmond, in 'The Standard.')

'To tell you the truth, Arthur,' said the Rev. Mr. Maxwell to his old friend, 'I would rather not have you go to church with me. I never had much patience with people who display the family skeleton before visitors; but really the young people come to my church on Sunday evening for the sole purpose of flirting. I have tried every means in my power to prevent it, but with no success. I have persuaded, argued, scolded, preached and prayed about it, but if you should go to-night, you would be shocked at the irreverence and inattention of the boys and girls.'

'But I really want to go,' said Arthur Banks. 'It has been years since I heard you preach, and this is my only chance, for I shall not be back again till fall. I won't flirt with the girls nor be shocked too much. I have a flock of nephews and nieces of my own, and know just how giddy some young people can be. If my son and daughter had lived, I hope they would never have wanted to flirt in church; but who knows? Do the parents help you in your struggle?'

'Not a bit. They say young people will be young people, and smile indulgently when a troop of school girls rush to every train that stops in town to see who gets off and talk to the train crew. I suppose there were half a dozen to meet you last night?'

'I noticed some girls talking and laughing with the brakeman, but supposed they were related to him.'

Just then the first bell rang and the two friends hurried to the church. Mr. Banks took a seat near the door, and during the opening services wondered if all the young folks were out of town or gone to meet a late train. The minister had scarcely announced his text when they commenced coming. By twos and threes they rustled and fluttered into the back seats, and every few minutes the minister was forced to pause until the noise subsided. Mr. Banks looked sternly at the young people, but the older folks in front apparently paid no attention to the subdued giggling and whispering behind them.

The two friends walked home in silence, but, once inside the tiny study at the parsonage, Mr. Banks said: 'I don't wonder you wanted me to stay at home. Are they always as bad as to-night?'

'Not always. They made an extra effort this evening because they saw it annoyed you.'

'Is there no way to reach them?'

'It seems not. I am starting a little reading-room with a few books and magazines in the hope of keeping them off the streets part of the time, but it is too new to show what it will accomplish. If you have any reading matter to spare, send it to us by all means.'

'I'll send a box of books as soon as I get home. Maybe I can think of some plan to help you. I wish I could, for your hair is turning grey too fast to suit me,' and he laid his hand affectionately on the minister's shoulders.

'Thank you, Arthur. You were always such a comfort to me in school and college, and even now your letters do me more good than medicine.'

'I am glad to hear it,' said Mr. Banks. 'Don't give up yet, for something will help you out of your perplexity. But I might as well not caution you on that subject, for I know as long as you are here you will never give up.'

Three weeks later the usual crowd of

young girls flocked to the morning train, and this time were devoting all their attention to the clerk in the mail car. They were nice-looking, bright girls, whose mothers foolishly thought it did no harm for their children to spend thenr vacation in this way.

'I beg your pardon,' said a musical voice behind them, 'but will you be so kind as to carry this letter into Cincinnati with you and put a special delivery stamp on it? The postman here is out of them, and it is important that the letter be delivered to-day.'

In an instant the clerk's cap was in his hand, and, as he took the letter and money, he said: 'I shall be glad to do your errand.'

The village girls looked from the dainty girl, in her trim shirtwaist and dark skirt, with an air of exquisite neatness from her shining brown hair to her faultless shoes, to the young man, who was regarding her with respectful attention.

'Thank you,' she said, simply, and moved swiftly away.

'You need not be so polite to her,' said Bell Graves, who was the acknowledged leader of the girls; 'she is only the new bookkeeper in the creamery over there.'

'A lady, nevertheless,' said the clerk.

'Then I suppose we are not ladies, for you never take off your cap when you talk to us,' said Bell.

The young man was tired of seeing the girls at his car every time the train stopped in the village, and thought a little wholesome truth would do no harm, so he said: 'Well, to tell you the truth, ladies do not go to trains to flirt with men, nor anywhere else, for that matter. Since you have started the subject, I'll tell you that the very nicest girls are the ones who never try to attract attention. It really is not your fault though, for you are only used to country ways, and do not know what good manners are. Loud talking and laughing are never commented on except unfavorably by strangers, no matter what any one may tell you.'

The bell was ringing for the train to start before he had finished his little lecture, and as it moved out he looked back from the open door at the little group of girls speechless with indignation, 'It will do them good, maybe,' he murmured, turning to his work, forgetting that he had encouraged them in the very thing he had just finished reproving them for.

It did do them good, for they walked home at once, without even glancing in the direction of several strangers who stood on the little platform.

'I wish you could run down to Mrs. Floods's, and tell Nellie to come home right away,' said Mrs. Graves, a few days later, to Bell, who was lounging discontentedly in the parlor, wishing for something pleasant to do. 'I forgot it is the day for her music lesson, and told her she might spend the afternoon.'

'I don't see why she should want to spend the afternoon with Mrs. Flood. There are no children there.' said Bell, in astonishment.

'No, but that young lady who is bookkeeper at the creamery boards there, and Nellie is very much interested in her. She takes fresh pansies to Miss Burke every day to send to the city for the flower mission. I am glad she does it, too, for if I pay her in flowers she willingly does many little tasks, and it helps me a great deal.'

'Bell,' said Mr. Graves, putting down his paper, 'run along and send your sister home, but stay yourself and call on Miss Burke. I intended to mention it last week, but forgot. I met her at the creamery when I drew my check for last month's milk account from the farm, and she pleased me very much. She said she only worked in the morning and had the afternoon to herself, so she must be lonesome in a strange town. Maybe you have called, though?'

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST AS A CHILD.

'No, I haven't,' said Bell. 'I don't like the stuck-up look she has, and I don't care to meet her. Must I go?'

'Indeed you must,' said her father, sternly. 'She is not a bit stuck-up, as you call it, but has a refined, intelligent face and good, old-fashioned manners.'

So presently Bell, arrayed in her best black skirt and most elaborate silk waist, was on her way to do her father's bidding, for though she did as she pleased most of the time, she obeyed her father's few commands instantly. A gay child's laugh guided her to the shaded east porch of the house where Nina Burke boarded, and a pretty sight met her eyes. Her little sister Nellie was deftly making tiny bouquets of pansies and mignonette and Nina was placing them carefully in a moss-lined basket. Bell took in Nina's simple white frock and white canvas shoes at a glance, and suddenly felt very much overdressed, but she rejoiced to see that Nellie, in her little white frock, was not out of place in the picture. As Nellie looked around for flowers she saw Bell watching them, and cried out:

'Why, Bell, are you here? Come and help us. We are afraid the expressman will come for the basket before it is ready.'

'I am sorry, Nellie, but mamma wants you to come home right away. She forgot that this is the day for your music lesson.'

Tears filled the blue eyes as their owner said, sadly: 'Then the poor, sick peopde won't have anv flowers to-day.'

'Yes, they will,' said Bell, heartily, drawing off her hot gloves. 'If Miss Burke will let me, I'll help her.'

'Certainly, you may,' said Nina, drawing a low chair forward. 'Good-bye, dear,' kissing the sweet face and settling the little white sunbonnet on the curly head. 'Come again to-morrow, if mamma will let you. Thank you very much for helping me to-day.'

So Nellie trudged home, pleased and proud, and the two girls quickly finished their task, and then Nina led the way into the big, old parlor and settled her guest on the pillow-heaped couch.

While Nina delivered her basket, with numerous injunctions, to the expressman, Bell studied the dainty, cool parlor with critical eyes. The heavy carpet that had covered the floor was replaced by light matting, and delicate, ruffled muslin curtains floated in the breeze instead of the expensive lace ones of which Mrs. Floods was so proud. There were books and flowers and magazines in profusion, gay pillows and comfortable chairs. The furniture in almost any parlor in the village would have paid for everything except the piano three times over, but Bell did not know that. To her it was elegance itself, simply because she had never seen a really well furnished room.

When Nina gracefully poured tea in the tiny cups and served it with crisp wafers, Bell enthusiastically fell in love with the pretty hostess and her pretty room, after the manner of all schoolgirls, and henceforth made Nina her model in all things.

Happy the girls who, in the impressionable, joyous days of young womanhood, have before them some older friend who wisely and imperceptibly fashions their young lives

and teaches them the meaning of good breeding as no book on etiquette ever can.

One beautiful autumn morning as the minister was preparing his sermon for the following Sunday, four members of his congregation walked into the study and, after a few minutes' conversation, one of them said: 'While you were away last week at Brother Reed's funeral the congregation had a meeting, and it was unanimously decided that your salary should be increased. Your work is entirely satisfactory, the various societies of the church are in a flourishing condition, the music has improved wonderfully, and, in short, our church is doing better work than ever before. In token of our love and appreciation we beg you to accept our gift, with the earnest hope that your labor may be crowned with still greater success,' and he laid ten twenty-dollar gold pieces before the astonished minister.

'My dear friends,' he said, with tears in his eyes, 'the credit for the successful work in our church belongs in a great measure to the young people. In the last few months they have come nobly to my support and enabled me to give more time and thought to the preparations of my sermons. They have taken charge of the music, and it seems to me there is nothing more delightful than their fresh, tuneful voices singing the grand old hymns; they furnish fresh flowers for the pulpit every week; they work faithfully in the Sunday-school, and, more than all, by their reverent attention inspire me with the hope that my labor is not in vain. I thank you all for your generous gift, and hope that in the coming year I may do better than ever before. May God bless you.'

'I always said our boys and girls would come out all right in time,' said Mr. Blake, proudly. 'I know they were a little noisy and sometimes disturbed the meeting, but now they are all right.'

'That pretty little girl at the creamery is responsible for a great deal of the reform,' said Mr. Graves. 'I never saw any one who could so influence boys and girls as she can, and always in the right direction, too. I have watched since last spring, when she first came, and her gentle ways and perfect manners are being rapidly copied by our young people. I thank God every day that she ever came among us.'

'Amen,' responded the minister, fervently. 'She is a devout Christian and a beautiful type of the self-supporting American girl.'

That evening's mail brought a letter to Mr. Maxwell that called to his mind his friend's promise to 'think, if possible, of some plan to help him.'

'I might have known Arthur had something to do with my success. He is the best and truest friend a man ever had,' and he read once more:

'My Dear Arthur:

'From the hopeful tone of your letters and the calm, serene look of the picture of yourself that Mrs. Maxwell sent me a week ago, I judge that my plan to help you is not a failure. Do you remember that I promised to do a little thinking along that line when I visited you last spring? My favorite niece was planning to take up settlement work in the city slums this summer, but I persuaded her to go down and help you out. She made me promise to find some employment for her that the young people might not suspect that her mission was solely to help them. I gave her the place as bookkeeper in my creamery and, though she is the owner of more property than I, she was an ideal working girl. She was reared in one of the most exclusive and cultured homes in the city by a woman who is a social leader, but a Christian, nevertheless.

'Nina is envied for her exquisite tact and influence among young people, but, thanks to her home training, is as unspoiled as a country wild flower. I will spare her a little longer, but we are lonely without her. I am sure she will not be satisfied until you have gathered her little friends safely into the church of God and started them in the footsteps of the Saviour, whose devout follower she is.

'From Nina I hear how you are loved and respected by your people. May God crown your work with abundant success.

'Your friend, 'ARTHUR BANKS.'

The Art of Pleasing.

Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes.—Emerson.

The art of pleasing is the art of rising in the world. Good manners often prove a fortune to a young man or woman. Mr. Butler, a merchant in Providence, R. I., had once closed his store, and was on his way home when he met a little girl who wanted a spool of thread. He went back, opened the store, and got the thread. This little incident was talked of all about the city and brought him hundreds of customers. He became very wealthy, largely because of his courtesy.

A fine illustration of the business value of good manners is found in the Bon Marche, an enormous establishment in Paris, where thousands of clerks are employed, and where almost everything is kept for sale. The two distinguished characteristics of the house are one low price to all, and extreme courtesy. Mere politeness is not enough; the employes must try in every possible way to please and to make customers feel at home. Something more must be done than is done in other stores, so that every visitor will remember the Bon Marche with pleasure. By this course the business has been developed until it is said to be the largest of its kind in the world. No other advertising is so efficacious.

It has been said that no one can escape the bondage of good manners. Its fetters may be silken, but they are as strong as those that wheel the earth along in its orbit. And, while all must obey its laws, those laws furnish a currency with which, if the beggar provide himself therewith, he is better off in all the markets of the world than the prince who has it not.

It is said that Abbott Lawrence was courteous and lordly to his customers. He exhibited his goods as if he were doing a personal favor. He was economical and at the same time liberal in his style of doing things, throwing in the odd quarter of a yard of cloth, the odd shilling in change. When he gained a customer he kept him. The house of the Lawrences held a monopoly of heavy beavers and wide broadcloths. A country trader bought a few yards of cloth at $10 a yard. On returning home and measuring the goods, he found one piece to be short a quarter of a yard.

He was almost afraid to speak of so small a matter to so courtly a merchant. On his next trip to Boston, however, he plucked up courage to say: 'Mr. Lawrence, when I was here a few months ago, I bought a few yards of fine broadcloth at $10 a yard. According to my measurement it fell short a quarter of a yard.'

'Fell short a quarter? That will never do; it should have overrun a quarter.' Turning to his bookkeeper, he said: 'Credit this gentleman with half a yard of our best broadcloth.' The bookkeeper did so, and the customer was nailed for life.

Thousands of well-meaning boys and girls have been failures largely from gruff, coarse, rude manners. A courteous disposition counts in the world to-day. Take two persons, possessing equal advantages in every other respect; but let one be kind, obliging and conciliating, the other disobliging, rude, harsh and insolent, and the one will become rich while the other will starve. Those who throw their good deeds should not always expect them to be caught with a thankful smile. But 'there is no policy like politeness,' and courtesy is profitable advertising. —'Little Chronicle.'

In Baby Eyes.

In baby eyes are worlds of thought,
With heaven's secrets they are fraught:
They look so wistfully alway,
What could a little baby say?

What is the knowledge they have brought?
Ah! all in vain is answer sought;
For when our earthly speech is taught,
The light of heaven has left its ray
In baby eyes.

Each life's stern battle must be fought,
And soon they leave the 'All and Naught
For 'One and Somewhat,' in their play,
As lisping words come day by day:
And seldom comes the look we caught
In baby eyes.

—C. L. Foyster.

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give two cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year is well worth a dollar.

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'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of June 7, of 'World Wide'.

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Peace—and after—'Evening Post,' New York.
The Peace Terms—'Commercial Advertiser.'
The 'Times' History of the War—Reviewed by Captain Mahan, in the London 'Times.'
Soldiers' Letters—Manchester 'Guardian.'
The News of the Day—'The Speaker,' London.
The Duties of the Century—'Leslie's Weekly.'
Direct Government of the People by the People—By M. Quay-Cendre, in 'L'Illustration,' Paris.
The Art of Leisure—'Commercial Advertiser.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Pachmann and the Piano—'Academy and Literature,' London.
A Modern Master—'The Illustrated London News.'
Artistic Value of Dirt—'Daily Tribune,' New York.

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

Back Again—'Punch,' London.
In George Meredith's Poems—By Robert Bridges.
The Country of the Camisards—By Robert Louis Stevenson.
Pack, Clouds, Away—By Thomas Heywood.
The Collective Novel—New York 'Post.'
Cowper—By Arthur Sidgwick, M.A., in 'St. George.'
Suggestive Titles—'The Nation.'
From Three Standpoints—By C. F. G. Masterman, in 'The Commonwealth,' London.
The Kentons, 'Spectator,' London.
Fitzgerald—New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
An Author at Grass—Papers by Henry Ryecroft, edited by George Gissing, in the 'Fortnightly Review.'

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

Old Egypt Vanishing—By Marie M. Buckman, American Secretary of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, in the Boston 'Evening Transcript.'
Death of an Aeronaut—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'
The Search for the Epyornis—New York 'Evening Post.'

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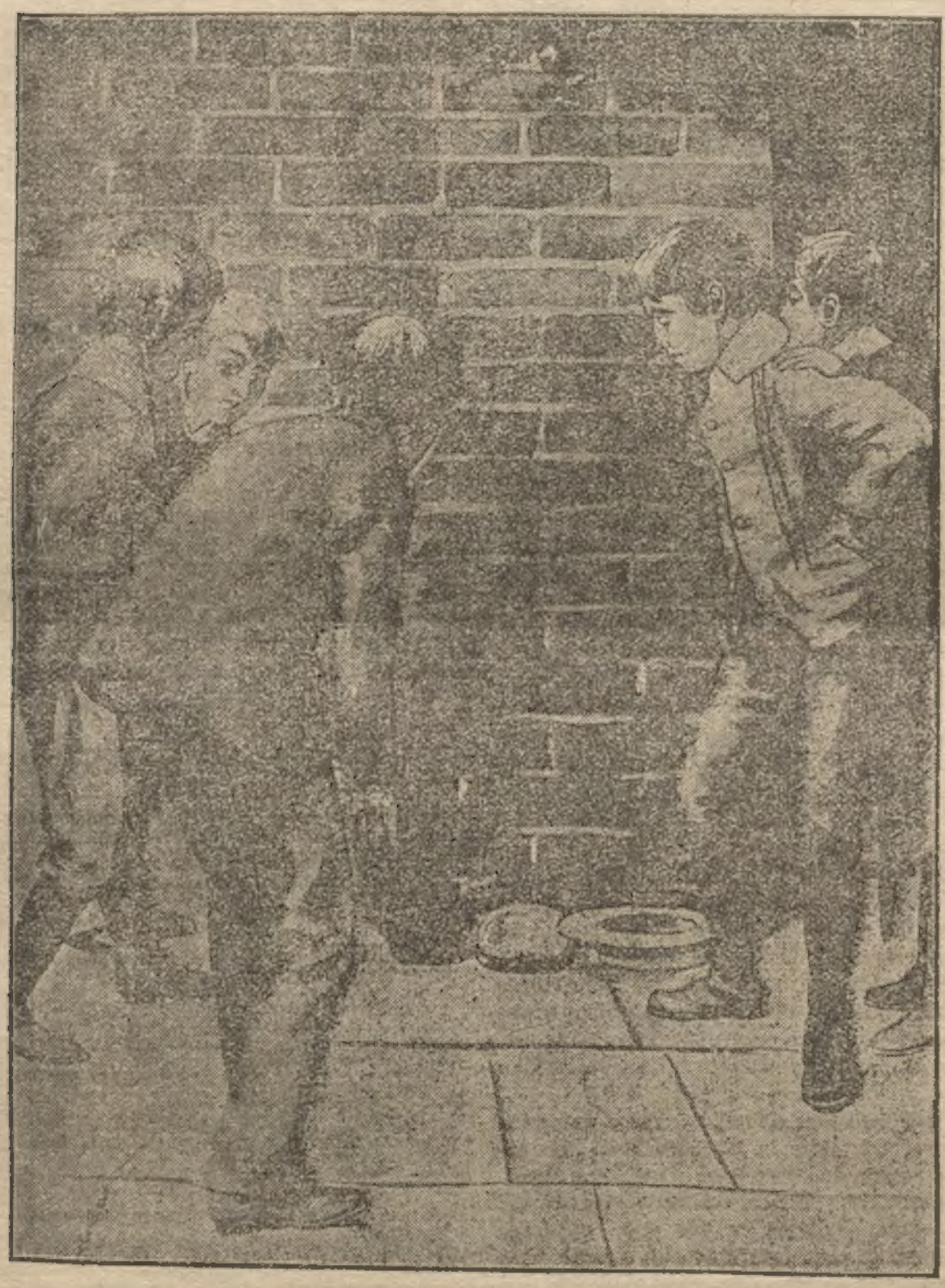
LITTLE FOLKS

Dick's Cowardice.

(By Ida Hibbard, in 'Good Cheer.')

A group of boys were standing in the shadow of the red brick schoolhouse after school was over. They had been playing a game they called 'pitch,' which consisted of tossing pebbles into the row of caps which they had ranged against the wall, a good throw being rewarded by the payment of a bean by the boy whose cap had been tossed into, while a miss required the forfeit of one.



Tom Mason had been the principal winner, and now stood rattling his beans in his well-filled pockets with much complacency.

'This is the way I mean to have my pockets filled with money when I'm a man,' he remarked. 'There's nothing like money!'

The boys all agreed that to be rich was a fine thing, and Tom went on with importance. 'There's nothing like it. I mean to put all my mind on making money. I'll have the handsomest house in town, and they'll make me mayor, and people will all look up to me as their most respected citizen.'

'That's all right,' put in Howard Earl, 'but I'm going in for bigger things than that. I'm going to be an inventor like Edison. There'll be plenty of money in it, but I shan't care for that. I'll sit in my laboratory all day and just turn out things that'll made your eyes open. Who cares for money!'

'Pshaw!' cried Gerald Gray. 'I'm going to be greater than either of you. I'm going to be a soldier. I haven't decided yet whether it'll be in the army or navy but whichever it is I'll sweep everything before me —and fly the flag over lots of new places. And when I come home, all the country'll turn out to do me honor, and go wild, as they did over Dewey when he came back. I'm going in for fame.'

'Well, you all seem an ambitious lot,' laughed Dick Murray good-naturedly. 'Who'd ever thought there were so many great men among us?'

'What are you going to be, Dick?' asked lame Jimmie Leonard, who had just joined them. 'You ought to be a soldier, I think; you are so big and strong,' and he looked up affectionately at his friend whose rugged strength so often did him service.

'No, that wouldn't suit me at all,' said Dick, shaking his head. 'I wouldn't like to "mow people down," as Gerald says. Of course. I always want our army to win, but I can't help feeling sorry for the other side, too, and I wouldn't like to kill them. When I read about the burning and the sinking of the Spanish ships at Manilla, although I was proud of Dewey I couldn't help thinking of the people back in Spain who loved their soldiers just as we did ours and how they felt to know they were dead. If this country was invaded or something made it necessary for me to fight, I'd do the best I could, but I wouldn't choose it.'

'Ho, Miss Softy!' cried Gerald, with a sneering laugh; 'such a goody-goody gentle little thing it is! She wouldn't like to hurt anybody, would she? For my part I'd be ashamed to own I was such a coward. I like courage.'

Tom and Howard joined in the jeering laughter, and even Jimmie looked a little ashamed at Dick's avowal.

Dick's face grew red, but he kept his temper. 'Sherman wasn't a coward, and he said he never went into a battle without feeling frightened,' he returned, stoutly; 'he went ahead because he thought it was right, not because he enjoyed it. I hope there won't be any fighting when I grow up; and anyway I won't be a soldier if I can help it. I want to be a doctor, as my father was. But I'm afraid mother'll never be able to send me to college,' and Dick sighed a little as he thought of the widowed mother who was straining every nerve to make her income sufficient to allow for even the schooling he was receiving now.

'A doctor don't amount to much!' said Howard, scornfully.

'Well, they come in handy some-

times,' retorted Dick, with his ready laugh. 'Perhaps Gerald may get a few wounds among all those bullets he's so fond of, and I may be useful in binding them up.'

The boys had been slowly walking homeward as they talked, their way lying in the same direction.

Jimmie's house was the first reached, his father's handsome place being just on the outskirts of the town, and he paused to say good-bye ere turning in at the big iron gates. As he did so, a piercing shriek rent the air. Down the walk ran the nursemaid, waving her arms wildly.

'Amy, Amy!' she called.

At the foot of the hill, about a block from the entrance, ran a railway, and as the startled boys, following the direction of the nurse's gestures, turned to look, they recognized, standing on the track, her white apron filled with flowers she had gathered from its banks, the familiar figure of Jimmie's baby sister Amy. And at the same moment, with the ringing of bell and shriek of whistle, around the curve came the fast express directly towards the child.

'Oh, my little sister!' groaned Jimmie. He started to run towards her, but stumbled and fell.

Tom and Howard joined in the nurse's screams, but Dick, without a word, dropped his books and flew down the hill with the speed of the wind.

'He can never do it. He'll be killed, too,' sobbed the nurse, covering her head with her apron, to shut out the awful sight.

It seemed but a moment when, with a whirl and a rumble, as of some frightful living monster, the express rushed by; and then, hardly daring to look, for fear of what might meet their eyes, the boys fearfully stole a glance toward the track. There on the further side, in a heap just as they had fallen together from Dick's mad rush alive and unhurt, except for the bruises of the tumble, they lay, Amy screaming loudly at the unceremonious handling she had experienced, and bewailing the loss of her 'pitty flowers.'

No hero ever received a heartier ovation than was accorded Dick, the whole neighborhood quickly understanding the situation and joining in praise of his bravery.

'I am proud of my brave boy,' said his mother that night as she bent over him, for a last good-night kiss. 'But what would have become of me if you had been killed with the child? How can I thank our Heavenly Father enough for saving you both!'

'It was God that did it, mother,' said Dick, looking up at her with bright eyes. 'I said, like a flash, when I saw that train tearing down on Amy, 'Please, God, help me to save her,' and then I seemed to have wings to my feet.'

And half an hour later in the parlor below, Mr. Leonard was saying to Dick's mother, 'Jimmie tells me that Dick wishes to become a doctor. You must let me have the charge of his education. It will be but a small return for the great service he has done me.'

Holly's Faithfulness.

(Sally Campbell, in 'The Morning Star.')

'There used to be a mission band for us children,' said Edith; 'but we don't have it any more.'

Edith was talking to Mrs. Stewart, the strange lady who had lately moved into the corner house, and who had stopped to make friends with her small neighbors.

'Why, that was a pity,' said Mrs. Stewart. 'How did that happen?'

'Oh, it got little,' said Edith, 'and at last it broke up and stopped.'

'No, it didn't either,' said Holly Bryant. 'It didn't stop at all.'

'Why, Holly Bryant!' cried Edith. 'What are you talking about? We don't go to the meetings any more, nor pay our money or anything. You know we don't. There isn't any mission band.'

'There is, too,' said Holly, doggedly. 'It couldn't break up so long as somebody belonged to it, and I do.'

'Holly never wanted to stop,' explained Edith to Mrs. Stewart. 'She cried.'

'I don' care,' said Holly, her face flushing. 'I thought it was too bad; because there are so many heathens, and we ought to help.'

'So you belong still, do you?' asked Mrs. Stewart, smiling over at Holly.

'Yes'm, I do,' said Holly smiling back.

'But how can you?' asked Edith. 'Why, I give my money every month, just the same. Mother keeps it for me, and when I get enough she's going to send it on. Then some Sundays she tells me all about the missionaries and reads to me, and we have a meeting.'

'How nice!' said Mrs. Stewart. 'But you will not mind belonging to a larger mission band, will you. I have a boy and a girl who are coming home next week, and they will like to join. Then I hope all these others will belong, too.'

Before the month was out, Mrs. Stewart had gone to see the children far and near, and invited them to help her start a mission band. She found that it was hard work. Everybody told her about the old mission band, and how it had failed. Then she told everybody about Holly, and how she had been 'belonging' all this time.

'It was Holly,' Mrs. Stewart said afterwards, 'who brought success. If it hadn't been for her I am afraid that I might have got discouraged myself. It was hearing about her that made the other children and their mothers think that they certainly ought to try again.'

When the new mission band was once started nobody ever thought of stopping it.

'It's perfectly splendid!' Edith said. 'Holly must be very glad. She makes me think of a place in the Bible—she was faithful to a few things, because she kept on belonging when nobody else would. And there can't be any fewer than one, you know. So then God let her help to make the loveliest kind of a big society for us all to be members of.'

The Captain Inside.

'Mother,' asked Freddie the other day, 'did you know there was a little captain inside of me? Grandfather asked me what I meant to be when I grew to be a man and I told him a soldier. I meant to stand up straight, hold my head up and look right ahead. Then he said I was two boys, one outside and one inside, and unless the inside boy stood held up his head and looked the right way, I never could be a true soldier at all. The inside boy has to drill the outside one and be the captain.'—'Sunbeam.'

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LESSON XIII.—JUNE 29.

Review.

Acts ix. to xvi.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 23.—Acts ix., 1-20.
Tuesday, June 24.—Acts x., 34-48.
Wednesday, June 25.—Acts xi., 19-30.
Thursday, June 26.—Acts xii., 1-19.
Friday, June 27.—Acts xiii., 1-12.
Saturday, June 28.—Acts xiv., 8-22.
Sunday, June 29.—Acts xvi., 6-15.

Golden Text.

'A light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.'—Luke ii., 32.

Questions.

LESSON I.—Acts ix., 1-20.

1. What purpose had Saul in going to Damascus?
2. What occurred when he came near to that city?
3. Who spoke to him? What did he say?
4. How did this affect Saul's life and purpose?
5. What did Ananias do for Saul?

LESSON II.—Acts ix., 32-43.

1. Who was Aeneas?
2. What did the Lord Jesus do for him through Peter?
3. What effect had this upon the people?
4. Why was Dorcas so much beloved?
5. Tell how she was raised from the dead.

LESSON III.—Acts x., 34-48.

1. What did Peter say to the Gentiles assembled at the house of Cornelius?
2. How did he say they might obtain remission of sins?
3. What sign did God give of his approval when the Gospel was preached to the Gentiles?

LESSON IV.—Acts xi., 1-18.

1. Why did the Church at Jerusalem find fault with Peter?
2. How did Peter justify himself and prove that he had obeyed God?
3. What vision did Peter see? What did he understand from this vision?
4. Were the people finally satisfied that this was God's work?

LESSON V.—Acts xi., 19-30.

1. Why did many of the disciples have to leave Jerusalem? Where did they go?
2. How were they received at Antioch?
3. Whom did the Church send down to Antioch to welcome the Gentile converts?
4. Whom did he bring to Antioch to teach the people?
5. Where were the disciples first called Christians?
6. What did the new disciples do for their brethren in Judea?

LESSON VI.—Acts xii., 1-19.

1. What did Herod first do to vex the Church?
2. What did he do to Peter?
3. What did the Church do about it?
4. What did the Lord Jesus do about it?
5. Describe Peter's deliverance, and his restoration to his friends.

LESSON VII.—Acts xiii., 1-12.

1. What two disciples did God set apart for a special mission?
2. To what island did they go first?
3. To whom did they preach at Paphos?
4. What judgment came upon Elymas for trying to keep the deputy from believing?

LESSON VIII.—Acts xiii., 43-52.

1. What did the missionaries do at Antioch in Pisidia?
2. How did the Jews feel about the popularity of the gospel?
3. What did the missionaries say then?

LESSON IX.—Acts xiv., 8-22.

1. Who was healed at Lystra?
2. How did the people treat the missionaries first?
3. What was the result?
4. How did the Jews treat them afterward?

LESSON X.—Acts xv., 22-33.

1. What broad rules did the Church at Jerusalem lay down for the Gentile converts?
2. By whom did they send these friendly instructions?

LESSON XI.—Acts xvi., 6-15.

1. What vision did Paul see when he was in Troas?
2. What did this mean? How did he obey it?
3. Who was the first convert in Europe?

LESSON XII.—Romans xiii., 8-14.

1. How can a Christian fulfil the whole law?
2. What are the works of darkness, and how can we live in the light?
3. Who will be our Shield and Guide?

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, June 29.—Topic—National prosperity. Prov. xiv., 34; Deut. vi., 10-13.

Junior C. E. Topic.

TALKING WITH GOD.

Mon., June 23.—Moses's prayer. Deut. ix., 25.

Tues., June 24.—Samson's prayer. Judg. xvi., 28.

Wednesday, June 25.—Hannah's prayer. I. Sam. i., 10, 11.

Thu., June 26.—Samuel's prayer. I Sam. xii., 20-23.

Fri., June 27.—Ezra's prayer. Ezra xi., 5, 6.

Sat., June 28.—Nehemiah's prayer. Neh. i., 4-6.

Sun., June 29.—Topic—Talking with God, and hearing God talk. Ps. cxiv., 18, 19.

The Sins of Our Streets.

(Rev. J. A. Eby, in 'Religious Telescope.')

The influence of the street stands over against the training of the home, church, and school. The ability of the street to overcome and destroy the blessed and wholesome associations of these three heaven-blessed institutions is simply appalling. What parent, preacher, or teacher does not, to his sorrow, know that fact? We may think of the evils of the streets of any modern American city under the following divisions:

1. The evil associations of our streets. The children from the best homes are often found associaing with those from homes whose training and influence are pernicious. The coarse, vulgar, and often obscene language of the foulest families becomes a poison to the otherwise pure minds of the children from the cultured Christian homes. In many cases there is no place for children to get exercise, fresh air, and sunshine except the public street or playground. What is needed is not that they should be driven from the streets, but that the places for play might be a fit place for our youth. Mothers are often astonished at the sudden evidences of evil tendencies and habits which they know were not learned in the home. Our young people in many hundreds are contaminated with the evil associations of their street life. The training and power of the best home life is often destroyed and lost in the awful flood of sinful suggestions of the outside associations of our public streets.

2. The impure language of the street. The slang, foul suggestion or story, the impure epithet, the blasphemy, and profanity of the streets of many cities and towns are so common and familiar that they have almost ceased to be regretted or deplored, much less to be punished as they should be, and as the statutes of most of our states provide. The child is taught a prayer by its mother at night upon retiring, and the next day rises to learn a foul expression on the street. What mother has not been grieved as well as surprised at the unexpected and unaccountable swear-word dropped from the lips of the pet boy of the home on some slight provocation. Some older person has dropped some profane word into the pure and innocent soul of the child. What a responsibility! What a sin! A profane word, a foul suggestion dropped into the innocent heart of a growing boy, has often been the starting-point of a downward career that ends in despair and destruction.

3. Another evil of our modern streets is the habit of idle loafing. The street corner, the store box, the store around the corner, the places of loiter and sin for boys, are stepping-stones to ruin in this life and death in the next. No more perplexing question arises in the mind of the true parent than what he is to do, and not to do for his boy's employment from the age of nine to sixteen, or until he is old enough to work with his hands. These vacation days are days of special peril. The writer could speak out of the experience of boyhood life in a small Indiana town. He then thought his parents tyrants for forbidding loafing or idling the time away with a certain ring of boys. To his personal knowledge many of those boys have turned to lives of shame and crime, several of them serving terms in penitentiaries. Oh, that parents would recognize, and guard from this terrible road of crime and sorrow.

4. The last street sin to be mentioned is that of public intoxication. There is no denying the fact that it is on the increase, and that most rapidly. It is not an uncommon sight to meet a half-dozen staggering men on the street in a single day. A large proportion, indeed, the great majority of the arrests on the streets of our smaller cities are for this crime. The influence of such spectacles is most damnable. Men and women and children laugh at it, but surely angels must weep. The writer met, not a week ago, four workmen, with their dinner pails in hand and the marks of their toil on their clothes, at half-past eight in the evening, just on their way home from work, staggering from one side of the walk to the other. They were not low men, or, at least, not so regarded in the community. What a pity! A most remarkable impression was made in a sermon in a certain city of 15,000 people last Sunday night, when a pastor announced that he had found by actual count by the help of Christian young men that 1,560 men entered six of the saloons in one hour on Saturday night, and that in the six largest churches of the same city on the next morning there were present but 478 men.

It is time for the church to be alive to the problem of our public sins, and by every possible means awaken sentiment that will give us a campaign of street-cleaning that will have as wholesome an effect on the moral health as a new system of sanitation in a Cuban city has had on the physical health of its inhabitants.

Rule Out the Cigarette.

Governor Bliss, of Michigan, who has made a study of the cigarette, has come to the conclusion that the State owes it to the boys to protect them from the insidiousness of the cigarette. In his inaugural address Governor Bliss said:—

'Firmly believing that the growing use of cigarettes is a menace to the youth of Michigan, I call attention of the legislature to the evil, and advise the most stringent legislation possible, in order that the sale of cigarettes may be discouraged if not prohibited.'—'National Advocate.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

Special Clubbing Offer, 'World Wide' and 'Northern Messenger,' $1.00.

Correspondence

Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I go to day school and to Sunday-school, and get the 'Messenger.' We have taken the 'Messenger' for about six years. I have three sisters, and my eldest sister's name is Cassie, my next sister's name is Marion, and my youngest sister's name is Janie. I have two brothers, their names are Joseph and Hughie R. My papa keeps four horses and one cow and twenty hens. We have ten pigeons. We have a pair of bantams. ANNIE BARBARA C.

Acadia Mines, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have never written to you before. We get the 'Messenger' from our aunt, and I am always glad when it comes. I have one brother and no sisters. My mother is dead, and our grandmother lives with us. My papa is away working. We have one cow and three hens. For pets I have one cat and my brother Walter has a kitten. We have a mile and over to go to school. There are four teachers, the head one being a man. I am in the fourth grade and Walter is in the sixth. IDA T. W.

Plevna, Kan.

Dear Editor,—I have never seen any letters in print from this place, so I will write one. I like the 'Messenger' very much. I haven't got very many pets, only two dogs and a cat. I go to church every Sunday. We have three churches here. I belong to the Methodist one. I had been going to school almost every day until the school-house burned down. I would like to have some of the girl correspondents to write to me if they would write first.

NORMA A. MITCHELL (aged 13.)

Fairlight, Assa.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl twelve years old. I live on a farm in Eastern Assa. I take the 'Northern Messenger,' and am sure I enjoy reading it very much. There was a very bad blizzard here a little while ago, which lasted three days. We couldn't see the stable that was one hundred yards off. It was the worst storm we have had for about four years. Our minister's name is Mr. Hanley. We like him very much, but he is going away, and we are going to get another minister called Mr. Ferry. I am very fond of reading. I have read 'Daisy in the Field,' 'Queechy,' 'Stepping Heavenward,' 'Mable Vaughan,' Little Women and Good Wives,' and also a number of others. I wonder if any other little boy or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine, April 26. EDITH C. B.

Minnedosa, Man.

Dear Editor,—My father has taken the 'Messenger' for a great many years, and I enjoy reading the correspondence very well. This is the first letter I have written, so you cannot expect it to be a very good one. We live four and one-half miles from our town, and two miles from school. The name of our school is Hazelwood. Our teacher's name is Miss Stewart. I am in the fifth grade. Our lessons are Canadian and English history, geography, composition, drawing, singing, reading, spelling, and writing. My choice out of those are drawing, spelling and writing. It has been a very funny spring this year; it would first rain for two or three days, then begin and snow for another few days. This sort of weather has been a great trouble to the trains. It has washed away the railways, and our mail from the East has not come in for a long time. We have thirty-five head of cattle and ten horses. We have got five little calves this year and expect to have about seven more. I have nine brothers and two sisters. I have one brother younger than myself. If there is any other girl whose birthday is on the same day as mine, August 9, please let me know. SADIE B. (aged 11).

Dominionville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live in a large brick house on a large farm. I go to school. I am in the Pt. II class. The school is built in one of our own fields, so it is easy for us to attend, no matter what kind of weather we have. We have twenty-five head of cattle, five horses, and twenty-four pigs. I have five sisters and three brothers. Five of us go to school. I am seven years of age. My birthday is on the 12th of October. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Morrison. She is a very nice teacher. I would like very much if some of the other correspondents would write to me. If they will I will be sure to answer.

Address:—Hilda McNaughton,

Dominionville, Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and if I see this in print I will write again. My chum and sister are writing too. This is just the break up in the spring and is very muddy. I like reading very much and have read a lot of books. I belong to the Young People's Christian Endeavor. We meet every Wednesday night at 8 p.m. My grandmother lives with us, she is seventy-four years old. I live on a farm and would not like to have to leave it. I have a brother and sister older than myself and two brothers younger. My parents have been here for twenty-two years. My eldest brother was three years old the day they landed in Winnipeg. He plays the violin. My sister and I play the organ. I want to surprise our friends, as they do not know I am writing.

J. MAUD B. (aged 15).

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger,' and I hope to see this one printed. We are having a very early spring, the roads are very muddy. I go to the Presbyterian church, and I belong to the Young People's Christian Endeavor. My brother plays the organ in the church. I have two chums who are writing to the Messenger. I live in the country and like it very well. Our farm has a lot of bush, and little ponds, on which we have rafts in summer. We live about three miles from town.

M. AGGIE D.

Cheltenham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have intended to write for some time. I am a little boy eight years old. I have one brother, Roswell, aged six. We both go to school. I have just passed into the second book at the Easter Examinations. Our teacher's name is Mr. Edwards. I like him very much. We have two churches in our village, Baptist and Presbyterian. My brother and I go to Sunday-school. My Sunday-school teacher's name is Miss Drinkwater. I get the 'Messenger' every Sunday, and enjoy the stories and correspondence. My father is a harness maker, and has a business here. The River Credit runs past our place, and in the summer time my brother and I have a good time fishing. The C. P. R. and G. T. R. both run through our village and business is pretty brisk at times. R. ELMER F.

Gainesville, N.Y.

Dear Editor,—When I read the correspondence page I think 'How nice it would be to see a letter from here,' so I thought I would write one. I have just begun taking the 'Messenger' this winter, and haven't had all of the continued story 'Twenty percent.' but what I had I thought was fine. I will tell you how I came to take the 'Messenger.' One day quite a while ago the 'Messenger' came in the mail for F. Mead; that was meant for my cousin Floyde, but my papa's name is F. Mead also, so it came to our place. After reading the paper I liked it so well I decided to send for it. I took music lessons last summer from May L. Dutton, and hope I can this summer.. My father is a farmer, and keeps three horses, two of them my sister and I drive, one of them we can drive up to a train of cars or meet a traction engine without any fear, but the other one, which is twenty-six years old, and acts like a colt, we have to keep at proper distance from such things. He is also quite tricky, he unties himself in the night and is found in front of the cows looking around. I was thirteen years old on February 22, and am in the eighth grade. My studies are geography, arithmetic, elementary English, physiology, spelling, United States history, drawing. I will close, hoping to see my letter in print. HELEN A. M.

Marriott's Cove, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have just begun taking the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I like to read the correspondence best. I go to school, and my teacher's name is Miss Coshum. I am in the sixth grade and my studies are reading, geography, health reader, Canadian history and arithmetic. My father has a farm, and he has two horses, Pearl and Clip, one cow, and fifteen oxen. We have a large collie dog, which we call Sancho. We have a post-office and store. We live three minutes' walk from school, and from our home we can see Chester Bay, which is very pretty. People say that there are three hundred and sixty-five islands in it altogether. I was at Halifax last summer and saw a number of steamers and war ships, one from South America. MURRAY M. (aged 8).

Lower Foster Settlement.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy ten years old. I live on a farm near the 'North Branch of the Lahave River.' My papa is a grist-miller. I have two brothers and three sisters. My oldest sister is a school-teacher. She signed for the paper last year. I like to read the correspondence best. For pets I have three cats but no dog. We have a smart horse. She is black, and her name is 'Fly.' I go to school every day, and I am in the fourth grade. I wonder if any little boy has the same birthday as mine, April 17. Our school house stands in a maple grove. That's why it got the name Maplewood. We have a large hill above the school-house where we boys used to coast. It was good sport, too. Our baby's name is Harold Borden, but we call him Harry.

ROBBIE R.

Cedar Grove.

Dear Editor,—Our Sabbath-school has a number of books and other reading matter that they would gladly send to some mission field where they would no doubt be appreciated. If you could name any such place and the address we would send them at once. Yours truly

GORDON C. DIMMA,
Secretary of Zion S.S.

[If you write to the Secretary of the Sunshine Society, Victoria Hall, Westmount, she would doubtless tell you where the literature would be very acceptable.]

EDITOR'S NOTE.

The following readers are thanked for their letters, which, however, must be omitted, as they were either not interesting or were badly written:—M. Ella B., A. S. Cook, Mary E. Bezanson, Laura G. Vaughn, James Edward C., Dora L. Royer, Maggie B., Katie McMullan, Ernest R. Hagerman, Edith A. T. McKay, Lyla Guest, Edith B., Gladys S., B. Marie Young, V. R. Beattie.

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What is the song my baby knows?
My little, little boy.
It is the song his mother sings
When wood-birds fold their tiny wings,
And night her gentle welcome brings;
My little, little boy.

So much hath charmed thy feet away,
My little boy, my little boy,
Indoors and out, the livelong day
My little, little boy.
But while the night broods on the farm,
And fled is every daylight charm,
How calmly rests, on mother's arm,
My little, little boy.

No sound nor sigh on vale or hill,
My little boy, my little boy,
And all the flocks are housed and still,
My little, little boy.
I wonder where thy dreams take flight,
Dream on, my dear, till morning light,
Thy mother watcheth thee—good-night,
My little, little boy.

Selected Recipes.

A Delicious Pudding Sauce.—Here is a recipe for a delicious pudding sauce: Scald half a pint of sweet milk; while still in the saucepan pour in the well-beaten yolks of two eggs; let this boil until about like custard; then let it cool, and when cool add the whites of 2 eggs beaten stiff, and a little vanilla. When beating the whites of the eggs beat one cupful of pulverized sugar in with them. When the eggs and sugar are added to the sauce it should be stirred vigorously.

Beef Loaf or Cheap Roast.—Take two pounds lean beef, the tougher parts will do. Put in a chopping bowl and chop fine, or run through a sausage mill. An eighth of a pound of fat pork also chopped fine, 1 quart rolled crackers, work all together in a bowl, season with salt, pepper, sage and onion. Bind together with 2 eggs, make into loaves and bake, basting often. This will be found an excellent substitute for roasts and is much cheaper, as there is no waste. Is very good cold.

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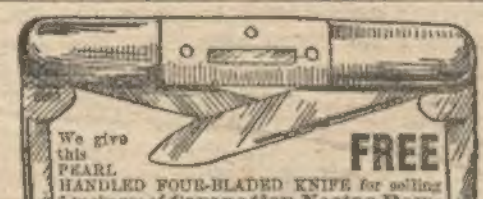

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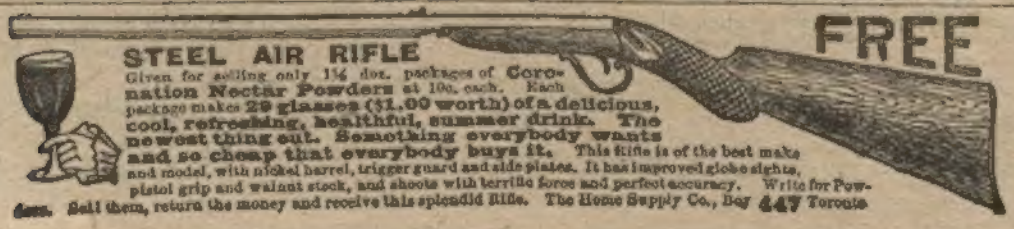

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